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Boston, Nov. 4, 1835.

My dear Wife:

With all the speed, attention and ardor of a lover, (and that, you know, for a husband to say is something unusual,) I seize my pen to inform you of my safe arrival in Boston, this evening - say, one hour ago. Of course, as it was somewhat dark when I arrived, it is not yet known by my mobocratic friends that I am here.

Father, I presume, will tell you, in his epistle, of the pleasant and comfortable ride that we had from Brooklyn to Providence. He seemed to be as little fatigued as myself at the end of the journey. We were both exceedingly disappointed at the absence of brother ^{Burge}, I saw, however, William Chace, his father, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Goodell, and many other of our abolition brethren - and I need not add, that we had a jocular meeting together.

In the course of the forenoon, I took further over to friend Brown's, in a chaise, and there we had a real old-fashioned greeting. Friend Moses never manifested before so much gladness to see me. After chatting with him about half an hour, we reluctantly took leave of him. The more I see of him, the more I regard ^{him} with wonder, delight and satisfaction.

I rode to Boston in one of the open cars, filled with the "common people," and thus saved 50 cents - no trifling sum in these days of penury and persecution. I do not know that I was recognised on the way.

Instead of ordering the coachman to drive me to No. 23, Brighton Street, I thought it most prudent to be set down at friend Fuller's. Was just in season to eat supper there, though he and his wife had gone to Newton. After tea, friend Tillson took my arm, and we sallied out into the street - for my home, or rather the place that was once our home. But we took another route - for he communicated a secret to me - viz. that our noble and persecuted brother Geo. Thompson was staying at friend Southwick's, (unknown even to the abolition friends generally,) and thither we went to see him. Found him in good health and spirits. After mutual congratulations, and a rapid conversation, though brief - I said, "Give me a sheet of paper, ink and a pen, for I must not fail to send a line to my anxious wife by to-night's mail." Just at that moment, Henry and friend Burleigh burst into the room, and then Mrs. Grew, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Parker. What a col-

lection of raving fanatics and dangerous incendiaries! A happy meeting this!

I have left them all below, for a few moments, to scribble these few imperfect and scarcely legible lines, which Henry will take to the Post Office immediately.

Now, my dear wife, disburden your mind of uneasiness as much as possible, on my account. Be assured I will not need-
lessly run into danger, but shall use all proper precaution for my safety. I feel excellently well, both in body and mind. All the dear ladies, with Henry, Thompson and Burleigh, send the best remembrances to you. Mr. Krepp I have not yet seen, but shall probably see him this evening. Do not yet know where I shall sleep to-night - probably here or at Bro. Fuller's.

Give a brother's love for me to dear sisters Sarah and Anne, also to Catharine - and kiss her dear little babe daily for me until my return. A son's affection I send to dear mother. Shall return with all despatch.

Yours, with inexpressible love,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

(Single).
Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.